

INTEREST TO MINERS

What an Association Will Do for the Yukon

Annual Convention of the Miners' Association of California and Its Work.

Some two or three months ago two or three preliminary meetings were held in the rooms of the Board of Trade with the object of forming a miners' association. The meetings got so far as to appoint a committee on bylaws and constitution, and as an aid to the drafting of these the similar associations of the Pacific Northwest were communicated with and asked to send copies of their publications. By the time these were received the close of navigation was at hand, a large number of mining operators had already left for the outside, and it was determined to postpone the establishment of a mining association for the Yukon until the spring. In order to keep the subject before the public, and to illustrate the use of such associations in discussing mining subjects, there is given herewith the report of the California Miners' Convention, held on the 20th of last month in the Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco. This was the eleventh annual meeting of the association:

The first paper was read by Harry Stone on "Machine Drilling." It told of the writer's experience in the operation of different sizes of drills with the aid of compressed air. He declared that the results as compared with hand drilling were a gain in ground drilled, a saving in drill bits and an advantage in the quality of the work done.

Congressman J. N. Gillette being present, was invited to address the convention, and said in part:

"The mining interests of our state are large. Great things are yet to be developed. You already through your association have accomplished great good and there is a deal more to accomplish. To accomplish more we must co-operate and stand together, and so far as I am concerned it shall be my aim and I shall stem it my duty to meet with you whenever necessary and advance such legislation to promote and foster the great interests of our state."

Dr. C. T. Deane read a very interesting paper on the development of the consumption of oil in this state. He gave the following as the past and future consumption of petroleum:

Year	Barrels
1900	4,000,000
1901	8,000,000
1902	12,000,000
1903 (estimated)	20,000,000

Continuing he said:

"I believe that the railroads will use next year as much as the whole state used last year. In this city there are 300 stationary boilers using oil and I estimate that three million gallons will be used by them. This leaves the moderate estimate of nine million gallons for all the rest of the state. Oil lands in Baku, Russia, are valued at \$50,000 an acre, and as a Russian expert said our oil fields are just as promising, I have you to draw your own inferences. Last year there were eleven refineries. This year thirty-three are in operation. At these refineries asphalt, lubricants, kerosene and coke are made."

In the past year dividends on oil properties amounting to \$2,500,000 were paid, and this means money kept here instead of being paid out to coal.

Dr. Deane discussed the diminished consumption of coal and commented on the prosperity of local manufacturers as largely the result of cheap fuel. In closing the speaker commented upon the ever-growing use of oil and the fact that English, French and Belgian syndicates are buying up oil lands while local capitalists are unappreciative of their worth.

After the usual brief interrogative session the president introduced Benjamin Wheeler of the University of California, who spoke in part as follows:

One of the most striking of recent developments at the University of California has been the extraordinary growth of the college of mining. It has today no less than ten times as many students as it had nine years ago. Its students now number 250, or more than the students of mining in any other institution of learning in the world. While other mining schools report larger enrollment, examination of their lists shows that a considerable proportion of their students devote their time in reality to mechanical, electrical or civil engineering.

These men in the college of mining come for the most part from California, but the growing reputation of Professor Christy's department is drawing students to California from many distant lands. Among recent comers have been men from Australia, South Africa, the Hawaiian Islands, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, from the University of Cambridge, England, and a number

of students of Chinese or Filipino birth. In all these instances the student has come to California with the express purpose of entering the college of mining of the University of California.

The distinctly professional training begins in the junior year with courses in structural metals, fuels, assaying and the strength of materials. Courses are followed likewise in geology, crystallography, descriptive mineralogy, analytic mechanics and graphostatics. In his senior year every mining student is instructed in the crushing, sampling and fusion of ore, in the metallurgy of gold, silver, quicksilver, copper and lead, in hydrodynamics, in petrography and in economic geology. He spends the whole of every second Saturday in a field trip with the professor of geology. The extraordinarily diversified geological character of the Berkeley hills, the Tamaulipas range, the San Francisco peninsula, and the shores of the ocean and the bay furnish most unusual opportunities for broad study of geological problems. About the middle of the senior year all the mining students spend ten days in a journey through the mother lode region under the guidance of Professor A. C. Lawson, head of the department of geology and mineralogy.

It is required that every mining student should spend at least one summer vacation in actual work with his hands in some mine. As a matter of fact a very large proportion of the mining students spend most of their summers in gaining practical experience.

The graduates of the college of mining, as was to have been expected, have scattered far and wide over the world. In South Africa the number of mining engineers trained at the University of California exceeds the number from any two other American universities. Others of our graduates have scattered throughout Central and South America, in Australia and Tasmania, in China and Japan, in Mexico and Alaska, and in every mining region in North America.

In consequence of its extraordinary growth, the college of mining has come to be seriously hampered by the inadequacy of its accommodations. Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst has met this need by beginning the erection of a magnificent mining building, which shall stand as a perpetual memorial to that stalwart miner and pioneer, Senator George Hearst, and as a perpetual source of blessing to the upending stream of young men who ask the University's guidance in their preparation for life.

GOLD OUTPUT.

World's Production of the Precious Metals During 1901.

Washington, Nov. 12.—George E. Roberts, director of the mint, has completed his report upon the production of the precious metals for the calendar year 1901. The output of the United States was: Gold, \$78,666,700; silver, \$33,128,100. The world's total output was: Gold, \$263,374,700; silver, \$104,999,100. The total number of fine ounces of gold product was 12,740,716 and of silver 174,998,573, the coining value of the latter being \$226,260,700. During the calendar year the United States imports were: Gold, \$54,761,800; exports, \$57,785,395. The silver imports of the United States were: \$31,146,182; exports, \$55,668,356. The net exports of Australasian gold are estimated at \$76,880,300 and of Chinese gold at \$9,091,500.

Mr. Roberts says that the annual consumption of the precious metals is estimated in round numbers at \$86,000,000 gold and \$57,000,000 silver.

The silver market was depressed throughout the year. The highest quotation on the London market was 29½d on January 2nd, and the lowest 24½d on December 1st. The purchases on account of the government of India fell off heavily from the preceding year. The coinage of the Indian mints for the eleven months ending with February, 1902, was only 48,507,600 rupees, against 150,780,774 rupees in the same months of the previous year. The demand for China also declined owing to the retirement of most of the foreign troops called there during the Boxer troubles of 1900. While the troops were there the shipments of silver were exceptionally large and after their retirement silver bars and Mexican dollars accumulated at the seaports in unusual amounts, rendering further imports for the time unnecessary. The European demand for silver for coinage purposes is light, as the governments are pursuing the policy of supplying needs for subsidiary coins by the recoinage of full legal tender coins.

About 30 per cent. of the silver output of the United States is from silver ores, the remainder being reduced in conjunction with lead and copper. After allowing for industrial consumption, the increase in the gold stock of the United States for the calendar year 1901 is estimated to have been \$45,800,000. The only countries showing a loss during the year are Norway, \$1,600,000, and Russia, \$3,700,000.

Impatient Motorman—"Hi, there! Move on!"

Leisurely Coal Teamster (touching up his horses)—"All right, sor. I'm glad yez didn't want me to move."

Her Revolutionary Ancestor

By John H. Raftery.

The only thing that kept Stephen Webb's friendship for Miss Von Wedelstadt from ripening into a love affair before the summer vacations came on was her openly avowed contempt for curios and his no less candid scorn for genealogical pride. Katherine von Wedelstadt was a student in the law school and Webb was a senior medico. She "went in" for blood and breeding as tangible assets and boasted at her descent from a revolutionary sire who had bled and died at Yorktown. Webb's penchant for curios, souvenirs, relics and antiques was his besetting sin from a social point of view. He was forever dragging friends and acquaintances into his den to "show his stuff." He would inevitably succeed in deflecting the trend of any conversation, no matter how it started or whither it set, into his pet channel.

Katherine, on the other hand, while despising all kinds, classes and conditions of inanimate antiquities, was abnormally keen about "family trees," heraldry, patronymics and all the dry and dusty lore pertaining to human genealogy. He and she quarreled regularly every Saturday, and mutual recriminations about each other's fads always followed.

"Katherine," he would say, drawing in, "I sometimes wish you didn't know who your parents were."

This at the end of a long, rambling dissertation of family history would bring a flush of anger to the fair cheeks of the girl and she would fly at him with:

"I presume you're glad you don't know who yours were. You, with your dusty old skeletons and hateful stone hatchets. I suppose you are willing to forget what your ancestors did between their aboriginal days and the Spanish war. Probably they collected bones and buried them. If they did anything nobler I should think you'd be willing to admit it."

"Well, anyhow, Katherine, I'd like you just as well if your great-grandfather had been a hod carrier instead of a revolutionary hero. Of course, I like you anyway, but—"

"Who cares whether you like me or not?" she would snap. "I'm sure your likes and dislikes are a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Why then do you object to my liking relics. Now, take that mummy from the cliff dwellings. It—"

"Rother your mummies, you're a hoor. That's what you are." And away she would flounce across the campus, leaving Webb grinning at the grass in doubt whether he loved or hated her.

"Katherine, Katherine, if you'd only let up on those ridiculous ancestors, I think I could learn to love you."

As a matter of fact, neither of them knew how fond was the feeling between them till commencement day had come and gone and they were standing together saying good-by at the little station near the university settlement.

"Good-by, Katherine," he was saying as they stood in the shadows holding hands. "I'm going to make a try for some revolutionary relics this summer, and, who knows, may be I'll drop in at Norristown. You won't object, will you?"

"Object, Steve?" she said, nestling up to him. "I'd be delighted. I will make you acquainted with mother and Brother Conrad, and I'll promise, Steve, to—"

"To what, Katherine?"

"To never mention my dead ancestors."

"Oh, thanks—I mean, don't mention it."

"But on one condition, Stephen. If you come you are not to breathe a word to me about your collection. We might as well be frank. I don't like your curios and you don't like my weakness for 'lineage,' so we must make mutual concessions and be dumb on those subjects."

"All right, Katherine! Not a word about relics nor about revolutionary heroes."

The train swept down toward them and in another moment she was waving adieu from the vanishing platform.

"Well," he sighed, "that was a happy thought. Under the conditions I think I will visit Norristown. I can rest safe from any of the old, monotonous tales about 'Great-grandpa Konried Wedelstadt, who distinguished himself at Trenton and at Yorktown, who fought with Washington,' et-cetera."

And sure enough, about the middle of July, Stephen Webb and six suspicious looking trunks were lined up on the station platform at Norristown, and within an hour the medical student antiquarian was sitting at the tea table with Katherine, her mother and Brother Conrad. With pretty consciousness she avoided the two topics which has been the bane of their university companionship, and Stephen had become quite fond of the whole family before it was time for him to retire to his hotel.

Katherine noticed that he was nervous and distraught.

"Something on your mind, Stephen?" she whispered when he was leaving.

"Yes, Katherine. But I can't mention it. You know we promised."

And he was gone.

That night was moonless, but the clear air enhanced the radiance of the stars till a phosphorescent glow seemed to whiten without illuminating the landscape. Caspar von Wedelstadt, who was an alderman in the village, was coming home from a late session of the council, and, noticing the orchard gate unchained and open, became suspicious of marauders. He stalked stealthily along the fence and at last, in the dense gloom made by a low-hung apple tree, he saw the shadowy form of a man bent over a mound of earth, as if digging. "Hi, there! What are you up to?" he shouted.

Whereupon the prowler made off with a clank and a clatter that set all the dogs in the neighborhood barking.

When Conrad told his story in the morning Mrs. von Wedelstadt laughed.

"Unless he was burying treasure, I don't see what he could find worth digging for in our orchard," she said.

But Katherine turned pale and said: "Wasn't there an old grave out there somewhere?"

"I believe that old mound near the crabtree was a grave, mother," said Caspar. But when after breakfast they sallied out to inspect the scene they found only a freshly turned heap of sod and soil and the footprints of the midnight digger. Katherine was pale and startled all that morning, but at noon Stephen, his face radiant and laughter on his lips, came to take her walking. When they had come to the old churchyard in the outskirts of the village she said:

"Stephen, you were in our orchard digging last night. What did you find?"

He leaned against the vine-clad wall of crumbling stone and laughed like a fad.

"Look out, Kate," he gasped at last, "that's dangerous ground! Have you forgotten our promise?"

"But this has nothing to do—"

"Oh, yes, it has. It has to do with both your dad and mine, and we must change the subject." Then he told some of his best stories and they walked for hours in the forest, till, coming out again into the sun, he kissed her for the first time and, quite serious now, said:

"Then it is settled, Kate. We shall drop our fads forevermore, say nothing of curios or ancestry, and live happily for all time."

"All right, Steve," she murmured, and her head was on his breast.

When Stephen Webb went to his hotel that night he packed and locked up all his trunks but one.

"It's a peach of a collection," he sighed, "and this last is the crown jewel." He lifted from the table a rusted saber of heroic workmanship, and with loving finger patted the hilt, upon which, black with the mold of a century and more, yet reared the rampant eagles of Germany. He laid the old weapon down with tender care and, picking up a tiny cross which lay snug in a nest of white cotton, he held it up and with a queer smile read the inscription:

"Konried Wedelstadt, von Zwingerberg, Hesse, 1781."

Stephen was laughing softly to himself as he muttered:

"Poor Katherine! No doubt your ancestor did fight with Washington. The rascally Hessian!"

Further D. tails

A letter from Tokyo, Japan, gives for the first time the details surrounding the death by drowning of Dr. Monod, founder of the Monod hospital in Seattle. Among other things the letter says:

"Poor Dr. Monod made a most disastrous failure of the Kamchatka fishing expedition. Refusing to bribe the Russian officials, they threw every obstacle in his path, and finally when the run of fish was well on and he had some 100 tons caught and salted, the authorities trumped up a case against him for fishing outside his concession and confiscated all the fish, all his boats, tackle, nets, etc."

"The doctor thereupon took steam-er at once with Madame Monod, to come here and obtain redress through the French minister in Tokyo. The steamer they were on was delivering supplies at government stations and at the first stop for this purpose, at the mouth of the Kamchatka river, the doctor and two other passengers decided to go ashore with the steamer's launch and see the station and village."

"Entering the river, the launch was swamped and all on board lost—three passengers and six men of the crew—nine all told. The steamer hung around four days, recovering only three bodies, a young millionaire, a Russian engineer and a mate of the steamer. Madame Monod was conveyed to Yokohama, where she arrived some two weeks ago, well-nigh distracted. What money they had was lost with the doctor, and Madame Monod found herself entirely destitute."

McFlugh's Sentence.

Sligo, Ireland, Oct. 29.—The sentence of two months' imprisonment at hard labor imposed on Oct. 16 on Mr. McFlugh, M.P., editor of the Sligo Champion, after his conviction on a charge of conspiracy and intimidation, has been affirmed on appeal, with the exception of the hard labor feature. Mr. McFlugh refused to give an assurance not to publish boycott matter in his paper.

Funeral Services

New York, Oct. 29.—The funeral of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was held today at her residence in this city. Besides the family there were present only a few close friends who had been invited, including Susan B. Anthony, the lifelong friend and co-worker of the dead woman. Lillian Devereaux Blake and Mrs. Wilbur, who represented Sorosis. Addresses were given by Rev. Martin D. Conroy of the South Place chapel of London and by Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell of Elizabeth, N.J. The interment was at Woodlawn cemetery. The ceremony included an address by Mrs. Phoebe Hanford.

The English colony in Valparaiso, Chili, has a cricket club, the officers of which recently sent to England for a large consignment of bats and a few stumps. On arrival they were liable to a duty of 30 per cent., but it occurred to the captain, who had a good deal of experience in custom house business, that it would be a good move to enter the goods as "utiles para agricultura," i. e., agricultural implements, which were allowed to enter free of duty. This was done, and it was pointed out to the vista (the custom house official, who examined the goods) that with the end of the stump a hole was made in the ground in which the seed was placed, till, by the aid of the bat, it was securely located therein. This explanation was considered satisfactory, and the entry paper marked "libre."

Senator Stewart, who has been in Washington for many years, has an old negro retainer who comes around twice a week for some money. He made his regular Wednesday call today. The senator gave him a dollar and said:

"Jim, I'm getting tired of this sort of business. You are an embodied man. Why don't you go to work instead of living on my charity?"

"Deed, boss," said Jim, reproachfully, "you ain't the kind o' man to be askin' me to go to wuk now, is you? Why, boss, it's too hot to wuk."

"Well," snorted Senator Stewart, "I haven't seen you work in the winter any, either."

"In de wintah, boss?" in great astonishment. "Why, boss, you must be crazy! It's lah too col' to wuk in de wintah."

Canadian Horses

Glasgow, Oct. 13.—Lord Rosebery yesterday unveiled a statue of Mr. Gladstone as attired in the robes of Lord Rector of Glasgow University. An immense crowd was present. Lord Rosebery made an eloquent address, but avoided commenting upon Mr. Gladstone's political career, for the reason that men of all creeds had contributed to the memorial. He, however, eulogized Mr. Gladstone's character, talent, industry and labors along the lines of religion and literature.

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